Satsuki's Scent

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Satsuki's Scent

by mxfictiondaydreamer

Summary

Satsuki smells divine and Nonon would do anything to get close to her.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

After their victory, Honnouji Academy held its first ever dance party. All students were invited to participate in celebrating the end of Ragyo's regime. The party took place in a huge hall, which was appropriately dark and decorated with silver tinsel streamers and glitter. Flowy electronica flooded the hall from an excited female DJ at the front of the room. On the left side of the room was a soft drink bar, and on the right was a tech team guiding colorful lights across the hall.

Nonon arrived to the party an hour late. She looked as proud as ever, standing a little taller in her high heels. She would never admit to feeling nervous at a party but her flushed cheeks and shallow breath might have given her away, if anyone had dared to get close enough to notice.

Her outfit was a perfectly composed symphony of pink and black, the colors she liked best on herself. Her fine black velvet dress was formless, showing off her curves perfectly. The heavy fabric flowed from a boat neck to just above the knee. Her high-heeled boots were also velvet, and featured a cutout floral pattern, showing her pale pink tights underneath. She had done her hair in a perfect tight bun in the back, wrapped with a black satin ribbon. She finished the look with floral-scented pink tinted lip balm to match her eyes, and black mascara for her already long lashes.

Nonon looked through the crowd and found the Elite Four and Ryuko by the back door. Even from a distance, they all looked like huge dorks. Ryuko and Mako were flailing at each other, probably at some harebrained idea. Ryuko wore a tux with a red vest, and apparently hadn't bothered to wash her hair. Mako wore the fluffiest blue dress the world had ever seen, with layers of tulle at the skirt that moved every time she did.

Gamagoori was wearing a nice navy blue suit with green carnations on the lapel and was talking on a headset. Along with the rest of the Discipline Committee, he had insisted on chaperoning the dance. Next to him was Inu, who hadn't bothered to change, and Uzu, who had dressed up in a tux with a shiny emerald green vest, but was busy spacing out at the lights.

A caterer came by with champagne glasses of seltzer water. Nonon took one and sipped it. She crossed her arms. Satsuki was nowhere to be found. It was unlike her to be so late for a gathering.

She downed the rest of her seltzer water, put the glass on a table, and walked through the party to her friends.

"You look so elegant, Nonon-chan!" Mako squealed and gave Nonon a hug. Nonon laughed a little, but relaxed her usually stiff body and hugged her back.

"So do you! How are you liking the party?"

"Oh, I'm having so much fun! I was just dancing with that guy over there, and I got tired after a while, so I came here, and then Ryuko and Uzu were both going after the last mocha truffle, and Ryuko challenged him to a fight! I wanted to watch her kick his ass!" She punched and kicked the air a few times.

"But Gamagoori said it's against school regulations to have a fist fight at a dance, so they decided to split it, and Ryuko doesn't have her scissor blade anymore so I let her use my pocket knife! And then, I couldn't find a napkin so I used that curtain!"

"Hmph," said Nonon.

"Hey Nonon!" Ryuko taunted, "Check out how many rice balls I can fit in my mouth!" She shoved three rice balls in her mouth.
Mako cheered her on. Gamagoori advised against it with a stern look. Inu took a picture with his computerized glasses and saved it for later. “Blackmail…”
Nonon crossed her arms and let out the biggest sigh. "I can’t believe I got dressed up for this!"
Ryuko attempted to say something through the huge mouthful of rice balls and failed. Her wide eyes and thumbs-up conveyed some kind of compliment to Nonon.
Nonon rolled her eyes. “What a bunch of fools. It’s amazing that we were able to overthrow Ragyo’s regime.”
“We may be fools, but we are strong!” said Uzu.
"We earned a victory for Honnouji Academy,” boomed Gamagoori, “I think a bit of foolishness is justified!”
Just then, the DJ put on a classic funk song about partying.
“I agree!” said Mako. “Hey, Ira, we haven’t danced together yet! Do you want to dance with me right now?”
Gamagoori blushed. “Yes…Mako.” And with that, they danced away.
Ryuko was still chewing.
Uzu’s face returned to normal. "I can’t get over these lights. They’re intense! Look at them… move like that! They’re extraordinary! I had forgotten how pretty colors were!" He got lost again for a few seconds before turning to Nonon.
"Hey. Nonon. I had a feeling you’d be here late,” he said with a grin.
"What’s that supposed to mean?!"
"Getting dressed up for Lady Satsuki," he teased, poking her in the side.
Nonon crossed her arms and huffed. She stared off into the distance for a minute. Her frown went away. “How do I look?”
"You look great, friend," he said honestly. "I don’t know how that took an hour, but good job!"
Nonon huffed. “This kind of finery takes time. And plus, I actually showered.”
“Hey, I shower!”
“About once every three days,” Nonon mumbled, looking down at the floor.
Suddenly, the chatter died down. Everyone turned toward the entrance, where Satsuki appeared, her hair newly short, surrounded by bright light. She stood even taller than usual, her head held high from her lifelong victory and perhaps from the haircut. She had traded her uniform for a deep sky blue pantsuit with a ruffled white blouse and satin silver heels.
Nonon’s mouth dropped open. She looked away and fiddled with the hem of her dress to regain her composure, then watched for a few moments as Satsuki schmoozed her way through the party.
Uzu poked Nonon again. “That DJ is kinda hot, don’t you think?”
“Redhead. Typical.”
Uzu looked confused.
“Oh like I haven’t seen redheads coming out of your room in the morning like 15 times in the past year? I’m just saying, you have a type.”
“Big talk from someone who will go after any girl in a tracksuit.”
“You know I can’t date girls from nonathletic clubs. I’m their director. I have morals.”
“And you can’t hook up with any of the other students who aren’t in extracurriculars? Or at other schools? Eh?”
“Hmph.”

“Yeah. It’s the tracksuits.” With that, Uzu wandered off to the side door, where the caterers had come out with more mocha truffles.
Nonon’s sneer followed him for one second before she lost interest. She looked at the DJ again, who was putting on an electro funk record. Uzu was right about her being pretty, but Nonon would never admit it.
Just then, a tiny breeze came over Nonon, and it smelled amazing… She turned her head. Satsuki had arrived.
"Good evening, friends! I apologize for my tardiness; I had some technical difficulties at the hairdresser’s,” she said gracefully. "Nice to see you, Ryuko, Uzu, Inu, Nonon…"
“Good evening, Satsuki!”
“Hello Satsuki!”
“Hey Satsuki!”
"Oh my God, sis, you cut your hair!" said Ryuko, reaching out to feel the hem. Satsuki leaned forward slightly so Ryuko could feel the back. "It’s so sharp!" She ran her fingers along the longer length in front with an absentminded smile. “So silky…” A few moments later, she looked around, blushed, and took her hands out of her hair.
"Have you been having fun?" Satsuki asked. Everyone nodded emphatically. "Good. You deserve to have a good time."
The music changed to an upbeat indie rock song.
A caterer came by with the drinks and bowed gracefully as Satsuki took a champagne flute of sparkling juice. "Thank you," she said quietly. She stared at the middle of the dance floor and smiled when she noticed Gamagoori and Mako. She finished her juice and put the glass down on a nearby table. "Well, would any of you care to join me for a dance?"
Nonon’s mouth opened, but before she could speak, Uzu had extended his hand to Satsuki. She accepted with a smile. The two of them danced away to the middle of the floor in the crowd of students.
Inu and Nonon sat down on the bench. Nonon leaned against the armrest and Inu sat in the exact middle, typing away at his built-in keyboard.
Inu unzipped his collar and turned to Nonon. “So, I’m missing one of my socks.”
"Gross!"
"One of my socks with embedded computer chips to track how many steps I take. It’s for an experiment."
"Ugh, can’t you do anything normally?"
Inu smirked. “It says here in my file that you receive packages from a well-known lingerie company every week. Your expenditures of this type likely exceed 50% of your entire budget.”
"At least I don’t spend 80% of my budget on computer parts! That’s right, nerd! I know stuff about you too! I saw your budget spreadsheets!”
“Touche,” said Inu, pushing up his glasses.
Ryuko joined them on the other end of the bench, fixing her tie. “I feel naked without Senketsu and my scissor blade,” she said quietly.
Inu unzipped his collar. “When I miss something, I like to have something nice in my pocket. Maybe it will help you. Here." He tossed her a small blue stone.
"Oh, heyyy!" she said, "Nonon, feel it."
Nonon ran her finger on it. "That’s…impressively smooth. Where’d you find it?"
"Nudist Beach," Inu replied with an emphasized u. “You can keep it, Ryuko.”
“Aw, thanks Inu!” Ryuko said with a smile.
The DJ had put on an indie pop waltz. Satsuki was now waltzing with Gamagoori. They

danced so gracefully together, and Gamagoori was being such a gentleman with her.
Uzu and Mako were trying to dance with each other but unfortunately they couldn't coordinate and Mako ended up accidentally punching him in the face. Uzu bent over clutching his face in pain and Mako flailed apologetically. They stopped at the bar to get some ice in a towel. Arm in arm, they made their way to the bench.
Mako sat next to Ryuko and held onto Uzu's arm apologetically.
"I punched him. It was an accident," said Mako with a grimace, tears streaming from her face. Everyone laughed.
"I'm okay. I'm fine," said Uzu, patting ice to his face.
"I don't know…I was just too excited!" said Mako, slouching against the bench in despair. She looked at the dance floor, her starry eyes fixated on Satsuki and her nose started to bleed.
"It keeps happening!" she complained.
"Oh hey Mako, let me get you a tissue," said Ryuko. She groaned confusedly and handed her a cocktail napkin. Close enough. Mako's eyes widened and her nose bled more profusely.
"You look amazing in that tux, Ryuko-chan!" she beamed.
Ryuko smiled back at her, "You clean up nicely, yourself," she said, fluffing Mako's blue tulle dress.
Inu's eyes shifted, but he didn't say anything.
"Hey, Uzu, now we match!" said Mako, pointing to the napkin on her face and the towel on his.
Uzu nodded awkwardly.
Ryuko leaned toward Mako, sank her hand through the tulle ever so slowly and caressed Mako's thigh. "Ohh, Ryuko-chan! More of that please!" Ryuko smiled and obliged.
Mako threw her cocktail napkin on the floor. Inu jumped. "That's fucking gross," he mumbled.
Nonon laughed. "Now you know how I feel, sock dog!"
"Socks are not a biohazard."
"Ohho, have you SEEN your socks?"
Ryuko and Mako paid them no mind; they were too busy making out and digging their hands through each other's hair like animals.
Nonon glanced at them with wide eyes, a smile hidden behind a loose fist.
Uzu panicked. "This ice is turning to water faster than usual! Get me another one, will you brother?"
Inu simply unzipped his collar, zipped it again, and went in the direction of the bar.
Meanwhile, Ryuko and Mako were all over each other. Mako was grabbing Ryuko's tux collar and Ryuko had an entire arm up Mako's dress.
Nonon leaned over the armrest, bored. She looked at the nearby table, which still had Satsuki's glass on it. She fantasized about putting her mouth on it and felt turned on by the idea… Her eyes widened and she looked away. The DJ was a good safe person to pay attention to, dancing and putting on a jazz record.
Uzu squinted. "What's taking him so long?" He looked over at the bar, where Inu was talking to the cute bartender dude. "Well, fuck." Uzu shot him a cold icy glare and he said one last thing to the cute boy, and walked back with a cup of ice.
"Ahem," said Inu, "Your ice," he said as he handed Uzu the ice.
Ryuko and Mako got their hands out of each other's clothes and resumed appropriate party behavior.
Uzu cleared his throat. "I hope your quest with that boy wasn't fruitless. It took you long enough. I could have defeated 4 opponents in the time it took you to come back. Please tell

me you got his number."
"I'm texting him right now."
Satsuki and Gamagoori stopped at the bar to get some water and chat. They looked very upbeat; Satsuki was smiling a lot and Gamagoori was more relaxed than usual. A few moments later, they made their way back to the bench.
Satsuki sat next to Nonon like it was no big deal. Nonon's heart was fluttering. Being so close, Nonon could see the tiny stitching on Satsuki's silk blouse, feel the heat radiating from Satsuki's body and smell the sweat on her.
She inhaled deeply, as discreetly as she could, and savored the scent of Satsuki's sweat. Satsuki had her natural savory scent reflective of her clean, nutritious diet. Nonon could detect salts, hints of glutamates and B-vitamins. She inhaled again and smelled the sweeter scents: raspberry and ylang ylang coming from Satsuki's hair, and elegant white camellia perfume from her blouse. She also smelled a little like sex.
Nonon was barely holding herself together. She tried not to stare and ended up looking in the opposite direction, stealing a tiny glance every so often. Satsuki looked relaxed and happy, smiling and leaning back against the bench. Good God, Satsuki was beautiful.
"That was lovely. Thank you, Gamagoori. And I will think of your proposition over the next several days."
"What proposition?" said Nonon.
Satsuki's face lit up. "Gamagoori is talking about finding us new faculty through his connections. We were talking about turning Honnouji Academy into a respectable but otherwise…ordinary high school." She choked up slightly as she said it.
Uzu nodded sagely.
Nonon leaned over to taunt Ryuko and Mako. "Have fun at school next year, fuckers!"
She looked down at Satsuki's thighs and gripped the bench hard. Her view was interrupted when Inu got up smoothly and asked Satsuki to dance. Satsuki agreed, and they went out to the dance floor, dancing smoothly together to the electronic pop record the DJ had just put on.

Nonon sighed upward, displacing her long bangs.

"What'd I miss?" boomed Gamagoori.

"You don't wanna know," said Nonon with a sly sideways glance at Mako and Ryuko, who both coughed and straightened out their clothes.

"As Honnouji students, I expect you to be on your best behavior at all times on our campus!" said Gamagoori sternly. He leaned in to advise quietly, "Make out discreetly or go to another room, please."

"Gotcha," said Ryuko. Mako clung to her and nodded.

"Now, if you would excuse me, I have some business to attend." Gamagoori fixed his tie and set his eyes on a cute boy across the room. Mako cheered him on and watched as he asked the boy to dance, and the boy accepted.

"Gamagoori and I have an agreement," said Mako proudly. She and Ryuko held hands and they leaned into each other, watching Gamagoori dance with the dude.

Satsuki and Inu came back from dancing. Inu had his collar open and was smiling and thanking her. Satsuki was glowing with sweat. She smelled even more incredible than before. Nonon wanted nothing more than to take her hand and kiss her.

The DJ put on a slow, sweet psychedelic noise pop song. A swirl of red and orange dots lit up the room.

“Miss Jakuzure, may I have this dance?” Satsuki invited, extending her hand to Nonon.

“Y-yes.” Satsuki helped her up to her feet, her weight steadily balanced in her towering heels. Satsuki led Nonon around the room in a slow tango, and Nonon followed her every direction. The dips were a little harder in those heels, but Nonon trusted Satsuki not to drop her. It was however a lot easier to pivot in them, and Satsuki took full advantage of this, turning and spinning her whenever she felt like it.

“I like those shoes on you,” said Satsuki, looking down at Nonon with an asymmetrical smile.

“Thank you,”

“You look gorgeous in general,” she whispered, brushing the side of Nonon’s cheek.

Nonon blushed profusely and missed a step. Satsuki led her into a dip, making the missed step look intentional. Satsuki smelled even more amazing than before, and Nonon’s heart was beating hard from being so close to her.

Satsuki pulled her up to standing and danced around her, her hand never breaking contact with Nonon’s shoulders. From there, she returned to their starting position and led her backwards. Nonon followed perfectly. At the end, Satsuki dipped Nonon so deep that she was supporting almost all of her weight. The crowd cheered. They must have been watching for a while, but Nonon hadn’t noticed.

Satsuki pulled her back to standing and they both bowed.

Nonon felt like the room was spinning. The sparkles in the room seemed to move. Satsuki still held her. “How are you doing, Nonon?”

“A little dizzy,” she said, looking into Satsuki’s steel blue eyes. Satsuki held Nonon a little tighter around the waist. “I got you,” she said softly. Nonon moved a little closer and reached up to touch the side of Satsuki’s face. It was sticky with sweat and radiating heat.

“Yeah, you do.”

The DJ put on some soft, blingy chillwave, perfect for relaxing after the dance.

The two of them walked over to the bar, where that cute guy served them water. “You’ve been dancing all evening, Lady Satsuki,” he said, “And you’re not tired?”

“On the contrary, I’m invigorated.”

“What’s your secret?”

“Martial arts training every day for the past 13 years.”

The boy nodded awkwardly. “That’ll do it.”

Satsuki was unbelievably gorgeous. Her face glowed with sweat under the lights, her hair was slightly mussed from dancing, and she smelled divine. Her pantsuit fit her perfectly and she looked perfectly sexy. But the most beautiful thing of all was her smile. This was the most relaxed and happy Nonon had ever seen her. Nonon couldn’t keep her eyes off her.

“Satsuki, can I talk to you in private?”

Satsuki looked around. “Yes…”

“Everything is okay! It’s just…well…” Her voice trailed off and she blushed.

Satsuki and Nonon walked briskly together through the back door into a long, cool hallway. The door closed behind them, muffling the music. They found an alcove in the wall with a large potted Areca palm, a perfect meeting spot. Nonon gently led Satsuki to the space behind the plant, which had just enough room for the two of them. All she could see was Satsuki with the plant behind her and the over-lit hall.

Nonon was breathing extra hard and she couldn’t stop shaking. Finally, she blurted it out.

“Satsuki, I…I love you. A lot. And I’ve felt such special connection to you, and I was hoping it wasn’t just me. There’s something a little different about the way you talk to me when we’re out of view, and I just… I want you to notice me! I’m tired of being one of your Elite Four, Satsuki! I just want to be you and me!”

Satsuki’s face softened and she hugged her close. “Oh, Nonon. Of course.”

A tear rolled down Nonon’s face as she held on tight to Satsuki and her jacket.

“Oh my God, Satsuki…”

“I know I’ve had to treat you and the others as my Elite Four these past several years. That can finally change and I can treat you more as individuals. I love all of you, perhaps equally, but I feel a unique connection with each of you. So, the short answer would be yes, we do have something special.”

Nonon looked away momentarily and tried to hold back a frown.

“I know that’s not exactly the answer you were looking for, but I want to be completely honest with you.”

Nonon broke the hug to look at Satsuki’s face. She opened her mouth to speak, but couldn’t, so she stared at the potted plant and rubbed her lower lip with her knuckle, deep in thought.

She looked back up at Satsuki. “Can I kiss you, Satsuki?”

“Absolutely,” said Satsuki, leaning in a couple inches as Nonon reached up to meet her halfway, her hand reaching to the back of Satsuki’s head to caress her and feel her hair. Their lips met and they kissed softly, their lips and tongues gliding over each other in unison. Satsuki wrapped her arms around Nonon’s waist and ran her thumbs over her sides, eliciting a high-pitched noise from her. Satsuki laughed softly into their kiss.

“How are you doing now?” asked Satsuki, her smile almost teasing.

“Fucking amazing,” said Nonon, gently rubbing Satsuki’s face with her fingertips.

“Good. As do I,” she said tenderly, stroking Nonon’s long forelocks with her fingers. “This feels…incredible.”

“Yeah…” Nonon murmured, leaning in for another kiss.

They heard the side door open and the muffled music became clear for a moment.

Satsuki smiled at the reminder. “I have a party to get back to. Would you like to join me there for a little while longer?”

Nonon shrugged. “Yeah, I guess so.”

She leaned down to whisper in Nonon’s ear, “You know, we could continue this, after the party.”

Nonon’s knees were suddenly weak. She braced herself against both Satsuki and the wall. “Are you for real?”

“Somewhere more private than behind a plant in a hallway.” Satsuki smiled and her eyes gleamed with intensity as she focused her gaze on Nonon.

Nonon took a moment to steady herself, nodded, and smoothed out her clothes. She joined hands with Satsuki and they returned to the warm dark dance hall.

The lights and music were overwhelming. The DJ was playing some rough dubstep and the tech team was dousing the dance floor in green and blue lights, which were bouncing off of every glittered surface in the room.

Satsuki was glowing even more than before. Her sweat smelled a little dirtier, a little sexier. It was incredible. Nonon couldn’t concentrate on literally anything. A waiter came by with another tray of sparkling drinks in frosty champagne flutes. Nonon took one and downed it a little faster than she normally would.

Uzu came over and nudged Nonon. “Hey, snake,” he said with a grin. “What did you and Satsuki-sama talk about?”

“None of your business, nosy monkey.” She crossed her arms and stuck out her tongue.

Inu made notes with the keyboard built into his pants.

“I’ll break your fucking computer if you don’t delete whatever that is, right now!”

Inu looked up at her with aggressively bored eyes as he held the delete button on his thigh for several seconds.

Satsuki was talking some more with Gamagoori about the new direction for Honnouji Academy.
Ryuko and Mako were dancing joyfully nearby. Inu and Uzu joined them, and the girls made room for them. Nonon looked around, but couldn’t find anyone she wanted to dance with other than Satsuki, so she stayed put. She kept replaying what Satsuki had said to her in her mind, and stared at the ceiling, wondering what Satsuki had in mind.

The music changed to a slow R&B song. Ryuko and Mako slow-danced affectionately under the white lights. Soon, they were making out again and touching each other as inappropriately as they had earlier.

Uzu and Inu came back shaking their heads.

“This transfer student has no sense of dignity!” said Uzu.

They all watched as a member of the Discipline Committee told Ryuko and Mako to keep their hands out of each other’s clothes. They obliged, and resumed dancing.

“One of the many challenges of running a high school,” remarked Gamagoori.

“An ordinary high school,” said Satsuki into her drink.

“Indeed. It will be even more challenging to manage discipline in an ordinary high school rather than an army.”

Inu unzipped his collar and blew a kiss at the bartender. The bartender shot one back.

“Hey Nonon, have you talked much with Ryuko?” Uzu teased. “She’s quite the sass master. Reminds me of you. You should date her.” He poked her in the side and laughed.

Nonon groaned. “I’m out of her league!”

“You think so? I think she could clean up her act. Maybe you could show her a thing or two. Whack her with your baton when she gets out of line.”

“Don’t talk to me.”

Uzu laughed some more.

Inu raised his eyebrow and typed on his pants keyboard.

Satsuki came back to Nonon. “Are you ready to get out of here?”

“Am I ever!” Nonon shouted as she got up to her feet.

Chapter 2

Satsuki smelled startlingly good. She must have been very hot under her suit. She hadn't even taken off her jacket yet. Nonon bit her lip in anticipation.

Satsuki and Nonon said good night to the rest of the Elite Four, then Mako and Ryuko in the middle of the dance floor. To Nonon's surprise Mako and Ryuko hugged her as well as Satsuki. Ryuko looked a little confused when she saw them leaving together but didn't say anything. They walked out the front door, through the hallway, and to the elevator. Nonon relaxed a little.
Satsuki pushed the button for the top floor. Satsuki's apartment. This was really happening.

Nonon made a move to kiss her. Satsuki put up her hand. "Not yet, wait until we get upstairs." She said teasingly. The elevator dinged.
Satsuki held out her hand and Nonon took it.
They arrived at the top floor and walked out hand-in-hand. Satsuki put her right hand up to the fingerprint recognition pad on the door. It opened.
Satsuki's apartment had three main rooms: a kitchen to the left, a large bedroom in the middle, and a bathroom on the right. The full moon shone cool white light through the bedroom window, illuminating everything in soft blues and light grays.

"Sorry it's a little messy. I've been bit preoccupied with saving the world," Satsuki said as she took off her coat and hung it by the front door. Her natural scent was getting out of hand and Nonon felt like she was going to die.

Satsuki was messy! Her huge bed was unmade and there were a few clothes on the floor next to a stack of papers that could best be described as unkempt.

She sat on the edge of the bed and took her shoes off. She waved a finger at Nonon to come closer. Nonon walked over to her, still in her boots, and held Satsuki by the shoulders. She noticed she was a few inches taller than Satsuki this way, and it made her smile a little. Nonon had quite a view; she could see Satsuki's perfect eyebrows up close, her steel blue eyes gazing at her respectfully. Satsuki tilted her head up, her lips in a delicate open half-smile, and very gently pulled Nonon's face down for a kiss.

"Now that we're out of view," said Satsuki seductively, "What would you like to do?"

"Um, anything?" said Nonon nervously, her whole body tensing up.

"Anything?" Satsuki raised an eyebrow, leaned back and looked over Nonon.

"Well, no permanent marks of course, and I'm not in the mood for anal, but other than that, anything you want, Satsuki." She blushed.

Satsuki paused and bit her lip.

"Be mine tonight, Jakuzure Nonon?" she said finally.

“Yes, yours, please, Satsuki,” Nonon pleaded quickly, the tension melting from her body. “Do whatever you want; I’m yours.”

Satsuki sat back upright and looked her in the eye. “Alright, I’m going to do as I please. Let me know if at any point you need me to stop,” she said seriously.

Nonon nodded a little more impatiently than she had intended.

Satsuki’s pupils dilated immediately at her response. “Get on the bed,” she ordered. She pointed to the exact spot with her eyes.

Nonon did as she was told and lay on her back, propping herself up on her elbows to maintain eye contact with Satsuki.
Satsuki smiled back at Nonon and slowly grabbed her feet before sliding them up to play with her boots. She played with the velvet pattern and dipped her fingers into the cutouts, making Nonon flinch slightly.

She grabbed her right leg, unzipped slowly down the length of the boot, took it off and discarded it with a thump. She grabbed her left leg, unzipped the boot just as slowly, and slid it off to the floor. Suddenly Nonon’s legs and feet were covered only in the stretchy sheer nylon of her tights. Satsuki ran her hands up and down Nonon’s legs, making her shiver.

“Mm, you’re very sensitive,” Satsuki observed, bending Nonon’s knee and placing a kiss on her thigh while maintaining eye contact.

Nonon nodded and Satsuki smiled harder. She bit the tights and pulled them a bit away from Nonon’s thigh. Nonon squealed quietly.

Satsuki positioned herself on her hands and knees over Nonon, her weight shifting the bed a little. Her scent spilled out from her blouse: salt, umami, camellia, raspberry, ylang ylang, and, even more than before, sex. Satsuki stared at her with a relaxed smile.

“Kiss me.”

Nonon reached up with both hands to hold Satsuki’s face, and they kissed passionately, caressing each other with their lips, their tongues gliding over each other, licking and biting each other’s lips lovingly. Satsuki caressed Nonon’s face lovingly while Nonon let her hands wander all over Satsuki’s head and neck, eliciting little moans from her. Satsuki smelled heavenly and Nonon wanted to taste her, to be closer to her than was humanly possible. But right now, her mouth was more than enough. Nonon was aware of nothing else, only Satsuki, only Satsuki.

Satsuki stopped.

“More,” Nonon pleaded softly.

“More? You’re not calling the shots tonight, sweetheart,” said Satsuki with a grin, grabbing Nonon’s wrists and pinning them on the pillow above her head. She leaned down to whisper

directly into Nonon's ear, "I will do as I please, and right now, that means not giving you pleasure." She gave her a little kiss on the ear before sitting back up.

Nonon nodded.

"Hmm, what can we do to keep you reminded of your place tonight?"

Satsuki released one hand from Nonon's wrists, dug it into Nonon's hair and pulled, eliciting a small guttural scream. She yanked her head back, demanding her full attention.

"I'm so sorry about your hair. It was in the most perfect bun, but I'm afraid I have to ruin it," she teased, working to undo Nonon's bun. She slid off the ribbon and put it aside, then pulled out each of the bobby pins and threw them to the floor. Next she grabbed the ribbon and tied it around each of Nonon's wrists, followed by the bed frame. When she was done she checked her handiwork and made sure the knots were secure but not too tight.

Nonon looked up at Satsuki blissfully. She noticed the way the moonlight brought out Satsuki's blue eyes and the curvature of her face. She could feel Satsuki's temperature rising from tying her up, Satsuki's heat radiating from her knees and thighs where they were in contact with her hips on the bed. Her sweet smell was intensifying, and Nonon saw little rivulets of sweat rolling down her temple. She would have given anything to lick that sweat, but she was too proud to admit it, so she looked away. She could feel herself blushing.

Satsuki grinned and leaned in to whisper in her ear, "What is it, my dear? You look flustered."

"Um…I…"

"Speak up," she teased, licking the side of Nonon's neck. Nonon let out a high-pitched yelp.

"I…like your sweat, Satsuki-sama," she admitted finally.

Satsuki sat back up and raised her eyebrows. "You like my sweat…"

"Yeah. I hope that's okay." Nonon turned her face away but kept eye contact with Satsuki. She was blushing so hard her face almost matched her eyes.

"Very well. Be on your best behavior—no demands, no mouthing off," she raised an eyebrow, "and don't even try to touch me until after I'm done with you."

Nonon breathed hard and stared at Satsuki's sweat glistening in the moonlight.

"Do that for me, and I might give you some."

Nonon exhaled lustfully.

"Yes, Satsuki-sama."

Satsuki smiled. "Good."

“You look so good in that outfit,” Satsuki complimented her as she ran her fingers in a slow lazy zigzag line down Nonon’s body, from her neck to her thighs, stopping at the hem of her dress. Nonon took a big jagged breath in.

“I wore it for you, Satsuki,” Nonon said quietly.

“You know my tastes. I am very pleased,” she said with her head high and her fingertips playing with the hem of Nonon’s dress. She traced gently along Nonon’s body up from her thighs and across her abdomen, ending up at her perfect small breasts and making her breathe a little harder.

“Nonon…did you wear this for me as well?” She ran her fingers across Nonon’s breasts, rubbing the undersides, where the edge of Nonon’s bra would be.

Nonon cleared her throat. “Maybe,” she said mischievously.

“I’m going to assume that’s a yes.”

Nonon answered only with a wry grin.

“In that case, I’m going to devour you.”

Nonon whimpered with delight.

She pounced to kiss Nonon’s mouth, both of them hotter and sloppier than before. She licked Nonon’s lips hungrily along the inner edges, eliciting some high-pitched noises from Nonon. Her hands traveled down Nonon’s throat, paused to trace her collarbone, and slowly slid down to play with her breasts.

“Ohh, yeah,” Nonon cried out, straining at her tied-up wrists and kicking the bed.

Satsuki moaned quietly as she caressed Nonon’s breasts with her fingertips, starting at the top and gliding down the sides. Nonon let out some more high-pitched moans into their kiss. Satsuki held Nonon’s breasts in her whole hands, massaging. They fit together perfectly. Nonon kept making noises and kicked a little with her feet. Satsuki grabbed her nipples and kneaded gently. Nonon’s noises turned to screams. Satsuki broke the kiss to watch, enraptured. She finished with a gentle squeeze and treated Nonon to some hot kisses on her neck.

Satsuki’s fingered the hem of Nonon’s dress, caressing, teasing her inner thighs, sliding the heavy fabric up to reach Nonon’s tights.

Nonon whimpered quietly. Satsuki pulled the tights down. They rolled and tightened on their way down Nonon’s hips and legs. A wave of cool air hit Nonon’s legs and they tingled. Satsuki threw the tights down on the floor and caressed every inch of Nonon’s suddenly bare legs, starting by grabbing her ankles, and making her way up Nonon’s calves. “You have a perfect body,” she whispered.

Nonon simply whimpered in response. She could feel Satsuki’s hands enjoying her legs. Satsuki worked up to Nonon’s knees and placed a few kisses on her thighs.

Nonon quivered with lust from being so close to Satsuki, but she didn't dare ask for more.

"Mmm, Nonon, your feet are so beautiful!" said Satsuki, staring lustfully at them. She scooted to the end of the bed to help herself.

Nonon strained to watch.

Satsuki brushed her finger along the ball of her left foot. Nonon squealed quietly and Satsuki laughed. Her finger traveled ever so slowly to Nonon's big toe, and ran over the tip of each toe, getting a tiny flinch from each one. She took the bunch of them between her forefinger and thumb and stroked, paying extra attention to the ticklish sweet spot where her toes connect to her foot.

Nonon squirmed. Her sounds melted between moans and giggles.

Satsuki massaged each toe and the entire ball of her foot, kissing gently along her arch, raking her fingers all over Nonon's toes, exploiting the sensitive skin in between them. Nonon couldn't stop squirming but this was no problem for Satsuki, who kept Nonon's foot still enough to touch it as she pleased.

Satsuki put Nonon's left foot down and was quiet for a moment. Nonon got nervous.

Suddenly Satsuki put her hot, wet mouth and sharp teeth on her middle toes and started to suck.
Satsuki held the back of Nonon's foot softly in both hands and caressed her from her ankle to her sole and the arch of her foot, still sucking Nonon's toes, sliding her tongue down the edges of her toes and to the ultra-sensitive skin in between.

"Thank you, Satsuki!" Nonon breathed.

"It's my pleasure, sweetheart," Nonon said with a kiss to her arch. Nonon could feel her smiling.
Satsuki's hands left the back of Nonon's foot and she held Nonon's feet like they were hands, fingers in between toes, and slid back casually to stimulate the in-betweens all at once. Nonon let out a series of throaty squeals.

"I had no idea you were a foot fetishist!"

Satsuki laughed quietly and bit Nonon's foot.

"Hey!"

They laughed together. Satsuki rubbed Nonon's feet a while longer, concentrating on the soles and arches.

"Mm, thank you,"

"Of course, Nonon."

Satsuki put Nonon's feet carefully down on the bed, got up and flopped down beside her. She stared at Nonon from up close. She placed her hand the the sensitive spot just under Nonon's chest, traveling down in little circles and waves down Nonon's ribs and across her abdomen, diving her hand to her sides and coming back again, her hand steady, her touch slow, deliberate, reverent.

Nonon closed her eyes and savored Satsuki's touch.

Gradually, Satsuki's hand moved downward to Nonon's hips, and Satsuki smiled and breathed a little harder, hinting at what was to come. She kissed Nonon's mouth tenderly and caressed her hips a little harder.

Nonon's hands twitched in their bondage. She would have given anything to have her hands free, to touch her love, to dig her fingers into her freshly-cut hair, to trace gently along her beautiful eyebrows, touch her perfectly soft face… Still, she didn't dare try to touch Satsuki. Not until Satsuki was done with her.

Nonon's breath quickened as Satsuki reached down under her dress and slipped a hand inside her now incredibly wet panties, tracing her outer labia, teasing, making all the blood rush to her touch. Nonon cried out quietly and turned her head to Satsuki, a subtle request for a kiss. Satsuki obliged her with a kiss on the mouth and slid her fingers down between Nonon's slick labia, taking her time to reach her clitoris. Nonon inhaled sharply and moaned into Satsuki's mouth and they kissed more passionately as Satsuki began to rub.

Satsuki rubbed in circles for a while, before stopping to rub downward to Nonon's slick, long inner labia. "Mm, nice," said Satsuki, pulling each one gently from base to edge. Excruciatingly slowly, she worked her way back up to Nonon's clitoris. The touch from the underside sent a shockwave of pleasure and shivers to Nonon, making her shake, clenching and grabbing at air with her tied-up hands, her feet kicking. Satsuki kept rubbing continuously in delicate circles around Nonon's clit and inner labia, all the while kissing her neck tenderly. Nonon moved her head up and away so Satsuki could get at her sweet spot just under her ear. Satsuki obliged, smiling.

Just then, Satsuki stretched her finger flat against Nonon's clit and labia, rubbing both at once and gently bumping the tip of her clit with the undersides of her knuckles.

"Oh Satsuki," she moaned, "That feels so good, I could just come right now."

"Go ahead," said Satsuki, staring intensely into her eyes, as she let up the pressure, preventing orgasm.

Nonon's face scrunched from the betrayal and her moans sounded more and more like loud sobbing. Her entire body shook with desire. "Satsuki, please," she murmured.
Satsuki let up and slowed down. She was ruthless. Every stroke drove Nonon wild and she felt like she couldn't handle another second, but Satsuki kept easing up and slowing down, keeping her on edge. Her whole body flushed with heat, her feet tingled, her clit was uncomfortably swollen and oversensitive, and she could feel her heartbeat in her ears. She couldn't stop whimpering.

Satsuki let out little moans as she teased the girl relentlessly, leaning over to kiss and bite all over her neck. Nonon yelped a little with each bite, and Satsuki bit a little harder each time, still torturing her clit. Soon her whimpering turned to crying and Satsuki moved her hot mouth to the girl's throat, moaning loudly and kissing her incredibly slowly, her breath hard and jagged.

Finally, Satsuki withdrew from Nonon's neck to look at her. "You have been so good, Nonon," she breathed. She smiled and used her free hand to wipe the sweat from her temple, gathering it on two fingers.

Nonon let out a guttural moan and her whole face blushed. Her lower abdomen flinched. She wanted nothing more than Satsuki's sweat.

"Here is your reward, my sweet girl," Satsuki said as she lowered her sweaty fingers to Nonon's open mouth. Satsuki's sweat tasted like it smelled; it sent her over the edge and she came hard, waves of pleasure radiating from her clit and her mouth tingling, screaming at the top of her lungs, her toes curling and her whole body shaking violently. Satsuki smiled as she watched her come.

She slowly stopped as Nonon's screams turned to murmurs and withdrew her hand. She took it up to Nonon's mouth to lick it clean, and Nonon obliged enthusiastically. Her juices were salty, delicately sour with a hint of sweetness. She licked the tips of Satsuki's fingers, which had gotten wrinkled from pleasuring her for so long. When Nonon was done licking, Satsuki reached behind Nonon's head to untie her wrists. Nonon lowered her arms to rest across her belly. Satsuki lay down next to her and touched her hair.

"How are you doing, Nonon?" Satsuki asked with a satisfied smile.

"Uh, I've never felt so good in my life!

Satsuki laughed. "Good."

"How are you doing?"

"Very well. I had an amazing time."

Nonon tried to get up and grunted. "I can't move!" She flopped back down in a fit of groans and giggles.

"Can I get you anything?"

"Water," she muffled into the pillow.

Satsuki laughed, got up, and went to the kitchen. Nonon lay on her side and waited patiently. She could hear Satsuki opening a cabinet, grabbing a glass, and filling it at the tap.

"That was really hot, Satsuki!" she shouted. "Like, the best sex of my life!"

Satsuki laughed. She returned to the bed, sipping a tall glass of water.

“Sit up,”

“Uhhh,”

Satsuki held out her hand. Nonon grabbed it, and Satsuki helped her sit up to drink her water.

“Thanks,” she said as she gazed lovingly at Satsuki, water dripping from her chin.

“Hey Satsuki, um, do you…want anything?” she asked, her wide eyes checking out Satsuki.

“No, I got off watching you,” she said simply, kissing Nonon on the cheek.

“Okay. Do you want to cuddle or something?”

Satsuki nodded, climbed back into bed and gently stroked Nonon’s arm. Nonon let out a high-pitched hum and reached back to touch Satsuki. She felt along the underside of her jaw, the soft skin of her neck, her hair… Satsuki leaned into the touch and sighed quietly, nuzzling into Nonon.

Nonon shifted to get comfortable and reached back with her hand. “Hold me?” They joined hands and Nonon led Satsuki’s hand around her to rest on her belly. She took a deep breath in, moving their hands together.

Satsuki gave Nonon a little kiss on the back of her neck.

“I have wanted to do this for years,” she confessed, rubbing Nonon’s belly a little with her fingertips.

“Huh? No way!”

“I couldn’t…but now we are free.”

Nonon didn’t have to ask what she meant by that. She just beamed with happiness.

End Notes

Thanks to my friend epochryphal for coming up with the idea of Satsunon body worship. I don't remember where I got the sweat idea. Oh yeah. Myself. I'm a dirty bastard.
The potted plant is a reference to karmayeti's series.
I enjoyed writing the snarky dialogue and Nonon's emotions. Also the sex scene was a lot of fun.
Anyway I hope you enjoyed it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!